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H O O P S

I N T O

Spinning - Wheels.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

Nulla fere causa est in qua non foemina litem moverit. Juv.

The slender Thread *Minerva* spun,
The Garland from *Arackne* won. *Ovid.*

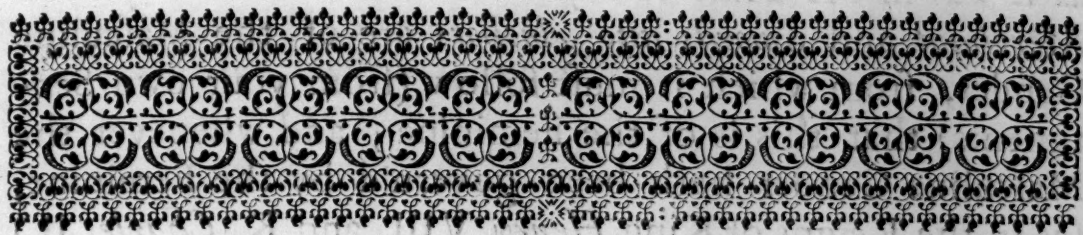
Written by a Gentleman in Gloucestershire.



3 P.

G L O U C E S T E R :

Printed by R. RAIKES, for the Author, and Sold by
W. Bond at Stroud, and J. Bonwick at London. 1725.



To my much esteemed Friend
John Henbury, Esq;
Member of Parliament.



S you gave me my Thesis (the Spring of this my TRAGI-COMEDY) I think I may justly claim your Protection, and send it into the World under your Patronage; and likewise make it an Answer to your Accurate Letter, wherein you give me many Learned Hints, which I wish I was able to return in like kind.

You tell me our Taste is vitiated from what it was in the Time of *Jack of Newbury*, to which I readily agree; and that a Change or Metamorphosis would be as signal

as it was in the Time of my Friend *Ovid*: That my *Beau Merchant* and *Swords into Anchors* are of the Masculine Gender, from which it must follow (from your own Sentiments) that this is of the Feminine; and whenever the Masculine Gender hath been govern'd by the Feminine, (as in the Reigns of King *Henry VIII.* and K. *Charles II.*) it never far'd well with our Woollen Spinsters, light Indian Fabricks were most agreeable to light Women; and I think I may date the Original of HOOPS, or Wh---s, which is much the same, from the last recited Reign; and I think my Friend *Ovid* (as you call him) was a Prophet, and pointed out a Metamorphosis, which must needs follow from such lewd and corrupt Practices in our Times. And here I shall quote his own Words, *Fugere pudor---* Modesty left the Earth---and is not this made good in the very Letter by our extravagant Hoops, by which, in many turns, not only the Clockt-stock appears, but the Garter above the Knee---*verumq; fidesq;* --- Hath not Truth and Fidelity left our Land--*in quorum subuere locum* in whose room sprung up---*fraudesq;*---Was there ever such Frauds practised as in our Time? and are we not advanc'd to a Legion of Attorneys at Fairs and Markets? *dolique---* Was there ever such Deceits used in making and straining of Woollen Goods, Ten Yards in Forty got up on the Tenters. We read of the Primitive Christians in the Skins of wild Beasts---Lo! wild Beasts in the Skins of Christians, cheating *Indians--insidiæque* . . . Is not Stock-jobbing here plainly pointed out in tricking and selling of Bears

Bears Skins? . . . & *vis* . . . Doth not every *Gazette* point out this in Statutes of Bankrupt, and Bailiffs forcing Men into Prisons for Debt? . . . & *amor sceleratus habendi* . . . This wicked Love must be Wh---ing . . . *Unus Iberinæ vir sufficit, ocius extorquebis ut hæc oculo contenta sit uno.* Juv.

And were not these Practices, Sir, severely lash'd by *Juvenal* in the succeeding Age. Nay, *Messalina*, the Wife of *Claudius Cesar*, is named, the lewdest Woman in History; as likewise her Famous Procurer *Lyfisca* & *lassata viris nondum satiata recessit* . . . *Poppea*, the Wife of *Nero*, as famous for Painting . . . *facies dicatur an ulcus.*

And as we are viciated and sunk into this Deluge of Lewdness, are not our ancient Liberties very much sunk by Excises, and our Spinsters greatly oppress'd by Twopence a Pound upon Candles? And the Encouragement of our Commerce and Navigation at this time being recommended to your Consideration, by his Majesty's most Gracious Speech, when we are at Peace with all the World, the Relief seems to lie at your Door.

The opening of *Pandora's Box* in the Convention Parliament, and letting in the Stallions of all Countries into the Benefit of our Golden Fleece, gave them a like Liberty with the Ladies, which hath chiefly encouraged these extravagant Hoops; and the sending these into their Native Countries, would soon dismiss thousands of HOOPS, and bring them to the SPINNING-WHEELS.

Is

Is there never a public-spirited *Tully*, a *Solon*, or a *Lycurgus*? Hath our Lawn Sleeves quite forgot the Commission given by *St. Paul* to their Brother *Timothy*, That Women adorn themselves in modest Apparel. *O tempora! O mores!*

The End I herein aim at (I hope) will excuse the Meanness of the Performance; and I will add no more, but that I am,

S I R,

in great Respect,

Your Obligated Friend,

and Humble Servant,

(freely to command)

J. B.



The P R O L O G U E.

A Noble Lord first mounts the Stage,
Gives sage Advice, corrects the Age;
With bitter Taste doth first complain,
Assigns the Cause, but all in vain.
A second Son a Merchant made,
By whom we're told we ha' lost our Trade.
Th' Exchange, that once was Alma Mater,
Are Jews, are Dutch, a Stork, a Satire:
Where-e'er these touch, they surely kill,
With Bankrupts all our Prisons fill.
Had this been all, but still he strays
To Masquerades, to Opera's and Plays.
All good Advice, kind Offers shun;
My Grief prevails, Unhappy Son!
A vertuous Choice of spotless Fame,
With fresh Supplies to grace the same,
In Splendour live, but all in vain.
Bewitch'd by Charms, by Thrafo kill'd,
My Spirits sink, my Blood is chill'd.
Attend you Youth, ye vertuous Fair,
Let this sad Stroke make you beware.

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Dramatis Personæ.

Eriander, *a Nobleman.*

Trusty, *his Steward.*

Pamphalus, *his Son, a Merchant.*

Thraſo, *a Captain in the Army.*

Frederick, Franko, Bryan, Pannus, *Stroudwater Clothiers.*

Anna, Maria, Isabella, Catharina, *Spinſters.*

SCENE LONDON.





H O O P S

I N T O

Spinning - Wheels.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.



A C T I.

SCENE LONDON.

Enter Eriander, and Trusty his Steward.

Eriander.



HE Genius of our unhappy Age tends to nothing but Lewdness and Debauchery, which at this time hath given me a bitter Taste—You know I gave a thousand Guineas to put my dear Son Pamphalus Apprentice to Sir William Hedges, a famous Spanish Merchant, and you have lately paid four thousand pounds to begin his Merchandize, his Time being expir'd—You now tell me he hath left the *Exchange*, and taken Lodgings in *Covent-Garden*, that his chief Com-

B

panion

panion is one *Thrafo*, a Captain in the Army, and that he is an Attendant at Plays and Opera's upon one *Glycerium*, a Famous Mifs at that end of the Town.

Trusty. As I have had the Happinefs of being your Lordship's Steward above twenty Years, and had a certain Knowledge of this Affair, I thought it my Duty to acquaint you of it at your first coming to Town.

Eri. This Misfortune of mine hath made me turn my Thoughts on the Bent and Practice of this Town in general: and in the first place I behold Taverns set up almost in every Corner of the Streets, with two Doors to slip in and out at; nay, many of them have a common Passage; and I have been told, that there are a particular Sett of lewd Women belonging to each of these Taverns; and for the encouragement of this Practice (I very well remember) the Furbelow Scarfs, with Alamode Silks and Lustrings, were carried on for the Interest of *France*, as at present the large HOOPS of Whalebone for the benefit of *Holland*——and for the farther Encouragement of this Practice, can't but a little admire the Zeal of some of our late Prelates in the Establishment of Charity-Schools, which I find are chiefly supply'd with Bastard-Children, and that an exquisite Contrivance is found out, by laying them in a Hand-basket at the Doors of the Overseers of the Poor: Add to this, our Playhouses, Opera's and Masquerades, a new and expensive Invention lately sprung up, with Tipling-houses and Gill-houses to debauch the lower Rank of People.——no wonder at the Corruption of Youth under these Encouragements and Temptations——and I think we exceed any part of Christendom in Lewdness; the Stews of *Venice* fall short of our Practice.——I desire you this Afternoon to go to my Son *Pamphalus*, and tell him I desire to speak with him to Morrow Morning.

Exit Trusty.

Enter Pamphalus.

Pam. Your Lordship's Blessing——I hope you are come out of the Countrey in good health, and left my Brother and Family well.

Eri. I thank God, Son, I am in health, as are your Friends in the Countrey, and always enquire after your Welfare, and thought it long, my dear Son, since I saw you; but am surpriz'd to find you have left the *Exchange*, and taken Lodgings in *Covent Garden*, that your chief Companion is one *Thrafo*, a Captain in the Army, and that you are an Attendant at Plays and Opera's on one *Glycerium*, a Famous Mifs of the Town——These Practices, my dear Son, will bring my hoary Hairs with Sorrow to the Grave.

Pam. I

Pam. I hope your Lordship, my dear Father, will give me leave to lay before you the unhappy Circumstance which your good design in pointing out my way of living by Merchandize, hath at this time brought me into, in which I think I am the most unfortunate young Gentleman in the World——In the first place, I must own I have left the *Exchange*, not out of choice, God knows my Heart, but meer necessity, there being no way left whereby *British* Merchants can make any Advantage by exporting the Woollen Manufacture of this Kingdom —— The *Exchange*, which in former Times was *alma Mater* to her native Subjects, is now become a Step-mother, and her Breasts are drawn by *Jews, French, Dutch, Hamburgers, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese*, and Merchants from all Parts of the World, and I being descended of a noble Family, could not bring my Thoughts to court for a Commission from a *Dutch* or a *Hamburg* Merchant. Not that I mention this, my Lord, by way of Disparagement to Merchandize; for good Estates, nay, Honour hath been obtained by Commission-Business, as in the Family of the *Sc——s*, who sold the Linnens of the Family of the *Le——s* in *Hamburg*: but then the Linnens were enter'd in the *Sc——s* Name, upon this Consideration, that double Commission was given to insure the Debts, and the King thereby defrauded of his Custom.

Eri. I can't see how that can alter the Property of the Goods, and the Commissioners of his Majesty's Customs seem therein to be deficient in their Duty; therefore I desire you, my Son, (believing what you say to be true) to satisfy me how this Alteration of the *Exchange* came to be effected.

Pam. From the Infancy of Merchandize in the Reign of King *Edward* the Third, a regard was had to the native Subject; the Custom upon a Sack of Wool was a Noble to the Native, Ten Shillings to the Alien; afterwards for One Shilling in Twenty Subsidy to the King, the Alien paid Two Shillings: but then, my Lord, Charters were granted to *British* Merchants for the sole Exportation of the Woollen Manufacture of this Kingdom, exclusive of Aliens, as King *Henry VII.* King *Edward VI.* and Queen *Elizabeth*, to *Germany, Flanders* and *Holland*, which were totally destroyed by the Convention Parliament. And one thing I beg leave to observe to your Lordship, that soon after the *Dutch* became the chief Buyers of Cloth in our Markets, they got a Privilege which no *British* Merchant ever had, for a Bill came from *Holland* to take off all Duties from our exported Woollen Manufactures, which pass'd into a Law; in the passing of which Bill a Petition was put into the House signed by the best *British* Merchants, that this benefit should be confin'd to *British* Merchants; which Petition (by a Division of the House) was rejected——I am now to lay before your Lordship, my dear Father, that which is signally hard upon

me, You gave a thousand Guineas to Sir *William Hedges*, who traded wholly to *Cadiz*; that Trade is now swallowed up by our South Sea Company, under shelter of the *Assiento* Contract, and they bring home the Silver and Cochineal which we always had from *Spain*; so that I was particularly forc'd into the Funds (with the Money I received for a Sub-sistence) nay, it was so afflicting, that I once thought of getting a Post in the Army.

Eri. I desire you, Son, at this time, to leave these Affairs to my private Consideration—I believe the particular Affair, which you say is hard upon you, viz. the *Assiento* Contract, will soon be consider'd, and I hope adjusted between us and *Spain*, and the Trade at *Cadiz* restor'd—but I think, Son, you have been highly to blame that you did not communicate this to me; and as I have farther thoughts of Kindness for you, I desire to see you again to Morrow.

Exeunt.



The End of the First A C T.



A C T II.

The SCENE Continued.

Enter Eriander, Pamphalus, and Trusty the Steward.

Eri.



Sent for you, *Trusty*, to satisfy me in the Payment of the four thousand Pounds which I ordered you to pay my Son *Pamphalus*.

Tru. I have Receipts in my Book, my Lord, for the Payment of the whole Money, in which I was very ready to pursue your Orders in respect to my Master *Pamphalus*.

Pam. May it please your Lordship, I never in the least hinted that I wanted the Money; but my great Misfortune was, that I had no good way of applying it to my Advantage; and indeed cast my Thoughts round the Orb, but to no purpose; altho' our *Turkey* and *Russia* Charters do in some measure support themselves, whilst *Holland* is a Magazine of our Woollen Manufactures, and the *Jews* at *Lyvorno* have a Freedom of our Markets, no great Advantage to the old Traders, and much less for new ones to pay a Fine and begin—and I must own the Readiness of your Steward and my good Friend.

Exit Trusty.

Eri. We are told by the Duke of *Roan*, a great Minister of *France*, That *England* is a mighty Animal that will never die unless it destroys it self—and the Account, Son, that you have given of the Overthrow of our Factories

tories abroad, and letting in the Merchants of Foreign Countries into the free benefit of our Golden Fleece, and the cutting off a Revenue from the Crown of two hundred thousand Pounds a Year in the Alien Duty, and the Duties taken off the Woollen Manufactures exported, doth fall in common appearance under the Statute of *Felo de se*.—My Son, as I have had the Honour to sit in the House of Lords above these thirty Years, and know what Debates have pass'd there, you must give me leave to lay this before you in a clear Light—*Judicis officium est, ut res ita tempora rerum querere*.—You must know, that at the Revolution *Lewis le Grand* of France, by the subtle Contrivance of his Commerce, and the great Neglect of ours, in the Voluptuous Reign of King *Charles II.* was grown too big for his Neighbours, and aspiring to be Universal Monarch; at which time, by the Footsteps taken by King *James II.* for the Establishment of Popery, our Religion was likewise pointed at.—How to stem the Tide of this Torrent was the Subject before us; and truly, Son, I must tell you, an amazing Consideration; and I will adventure to say, that no one at that time had a greater regard to the Welfare of his Countrey than my self: and the extraordinary Concessions in Trade at that time given, was upon this Consideration, King *William* (of happy Memory) did with great Difficulty stem the Tide against this Leviathan, and in the 6th Year of his Reign obtained an effectual Act to prevent the Exportation of our Wool, which brought into this Kingdom vast Numbers of *French* and *Dutch* Woollen Manufacturers, which work'd our Wool in those Parts, and are at this time established here. From this time, my dear Son, our Enquiry was, Whether the Exportation of our Woollen Manufactures encreased, or not? and were fully satisfy'd that the encrease was near a Million a Year; and this being so, it gave good Satisfaction—and here, my Son, as I at this time find the Workers of our Wool employ'd, I desire to know of you whether I am right in this particular.

Pam. I think, my Lord, it is agreed on all hands, that the Exportation of our Woollen Manufactures was never greater; and this adds to our Affliction, to see that they are bought and shipp'd of by Aliens, which makes the Loss of our Merchandize and Navigation the greater to the Publick.

Evi. Now, my Son, I pray consider with me the State of Christendom, as it stands at present, by the indefatigable Pains of his most Sacred Majesty—in the first place the Power is so well divided, that no one is too powerful for the other; if any, I will adventure to say, and that grounded upon our Commerce, that the weightiest Scale is on our Side, his Majesty having the Command of the Ocean; and I hope the time is now come to recover our Merchandize and Navigation, and to redress the Griev-

Grievances practis'd among ourselves; especially those Practices which very much eclipse our Holy Religion. And as his Majesty hath been very signal in the Relief of *Sweden*, a principal branch of the Protestant Religion, and is still endeavouring to preserve it abroad, I doubt not but his Care will be greater in due time to establish it at Home.— and now, my Son, I desire you to give me a little farther Satisfaction in this particular Affair, that ruins your Trade at *Cadiz*, as you say it is by the South Sea Company, upon the *Affiento* Contract, that Affair at this time coming to be consider'd, I desire you, my Son, to make me Master of that Affair.

Pam. My Lord, you gave a thousand Guineas to Sir *William Hedges*, who traded wholly to *Cadiz*—we sold all kinds of Woollen Goods to the Spanish Merchants, who carried them down to their Silver Mines, and paid us with Silver, *Cochineal*, &c. in a current course of Trade, which had been carried on for Ages; and the *Spaniards* always thought those Mines their peculiar Right; but the *French* by means of the Wars became Partners with them; and now our South Sea Company, under shelter of the *Affiento* Contract, carry vast Quantities of Woollen Goods, and bring the Silver and *Cochineal* directly thence, to the great disturbance of the *Spaniards*: and I believe, my Lord, in great Submission, if that Trade was settled in its old course, and the King of *Spain* would give us liberty to sell our Goods Custom-free, it would be the benefit of the Public, as well as the Recovery of the Trade I was bred up to, which is totally lost.

Eri. I thank you Son for this Account, and indeed am of your Opinion. And could I but be satisfied in your leaving off your Acquaintance with this fine Lady *Glycerium*, you would speak me happy at once — and what I have in my Mind to propose to you is your settling in the World; and I have a Friend, a very good Merchant, that hath several Daughters, on whom I am sure he will bestow considerable Fortunes; and as I know it to be a very sober Family, I desire that you would make your Address to one of these Ladies, and for your Encouragement herein I will give you an hundred Guineas every Quarter during my Life, and do what I can for you afterwards.

Pam. Your Lordship and my kind Father herein exceeds my Expectation, and I assure you I will bend my Thoughts to fulfil your Desire; but as you are particular herein, I am in some doubt how that may succeed, the Happiness of Life depending herein upon particular Liking—my thoughts have a little ran upon getting some Heiress of Lands, and am herein recommended from a Cloathing County, whither I have promised to make a Journey, and will be sure to wait upon you very speedily; and
at

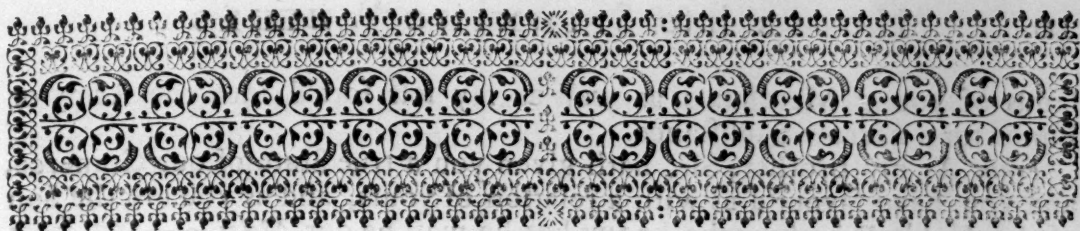
at present give you many thanks for the great Pains you have taken in the Posture of our Trade.

Eri. Nothing but Vertue, my Dear Son, can make this Kingdom happy, and you in particular ——— and from the Reformation that was wrought by King *Edward* the Sixth, after the voluptuous Reign of his Father King *Henry* the Eighth, when the Affairs of this Kingdom were much in the same Posture as at present, when the Taverns in the City of *London* were reduced by Act of Parliament to the number of Forty, and petty Tipling-houses suppress'd; I am in hopes of the same from his most Sacred Majesty (whom God preserve) and will depend upon your Promise, and pray for your Welfare.

Exeunt.



The End of the Second Act.



A C T III.

SCENE STROUD.

Enter Pamphalus, Frederick, Franko, Bryan, Pannus, Anna, Maria, Isabella and Catharina at a Ball.

Pan.



LADIES and Gentlemen, at my entrance into your County, casting my Eyes from the Hills to behold your pleasant Vale, I view'd on my Right Hand the Cloth-Racks at *Chalford*, in their glorious Colours of Scarlet, Crimson, Blue, and variety of other delightful Colours, and on my Left those of *Nailsworth* and *Woodchester*, then on *Stroud* and *Painswick*, I was fill'd with Admiration, and certainly thought I was now come into the Land of *Canaan*, believing it not to be equall'd by any part of the World.

Fred. You can't heighten our Opinion, Sir, of the Blessings which God and Nature have herein bestow'd upon us, and in the time of our Ancestors (as appears by several Letters of Correspondence between British Merchants of Honour and Honesty and our Forefathers) it was in reality the Land of *Canaan*. But, alas! in the Age we live, in this point of our Commerce we are eclips'd, and our Correspondence herein is chiefly with Factors, at first foolishly introduc'd as our Servants, but are now become our Masters, and indeed give us an *Ægyptian View*.

Pam. You have herein lead me, Sir, into a far greater Complaint, my Livelihood being pointed out by Merchandize; and I would gladly buy some hundreds of your Cloths, if I knew where to send them to get a moderate Profit——Alas! our Factories Abroad are wholly sunk, and thou-

C

sands

sands of young Merchants as well as my self forc'd into the Army or Funds for a narrow Subsistence.

Fran. As my Brother, Sir, hath given you a true State of our Commerce, and you have favour'd us with a relation of yours, and as you are the Son of the Noble *Eriander*, who knows but he may be our *Moses* — and from the Encouragement lately given by his most Sacred Majesty's Speech, I am for making an Attempt towards it. — I hope this may be the happy time of our Deliverance, and beginning of our Correspondence with Merchants, than which nothing is more desirable.

Pam. You could never have hit upon a more agreeable Point to me, Sir, than this, as you mention my Father — I assure you at my coming down I have apply'd myself to him for the Recovery of our Merchandize, and am glad to find the like Disposition in you — but I doubt at this time that this will be a disagreeable Debate for the Ladies, the Musick being in waiting.

Anna. I assure you, Sir, not in the least; as it is our united Interest, nothing can be more agreeable; and I dare presume to say, that all the Ladies here will hold up both their Hands to pull down Factors and Wool-broggers, that cut off the fair Profit of the Clothiers; and we are not above owning our selves Spinsters, believing that hereby a more happy Union may ensue.

Pam. If this be your Sentiment, Lady, I will adjourn the Debate at present, and beg leave for another Opportunity to concert Measures for a proper Application to the Senate — and now Musick pray tune up your Strings.

Bryan. You have made my Heart light, Sir; and that no time may be lost, I beg that you will begin a French Dance first with one of the Ladies.

Pam. Nothing more grateful, Sir; and I'll give my Hand to the Lady that spoke so smart in our Favour.

Anna. Indeed, Sir, you have made a bad choice; here are many Ladies of more Merit — I have no Skill in French Dances.

Pam. Excuse, Madam, is the genuine Temper of your Sex — I beg, as I stand in need of your Assistance, you will call for an easie Tune.

Anna. Since you will take no denial, Sir, I'll endeavour to oblige you. Musick, play a Boree.

Pam. As I have not as yet had an Opportunity to speak in the grateful point of our Commerce, I am so well pleas'd, that I beg the favour of one Dance more with a fresh Partner, and then we will all readily come into Country Dances.

Pam. Alcho'

Pam. Altho' I am sensible of the meanness of my Performance, yet at your request I'll give my hand to this Lady, hoping that she may be the Pink of your Affections.

Maria. You have made a bad choice, Sir, as to Dancing, and I am afraid you are out in your guess—— but since it must be so, Musick, the Lovre, and don't play too fast.

Pam. Now, Gentlemen and Ladies, I hope you will lose no time, and I will stick by my first Partner, and will be the last in this new Scene—— You will be the best Judges what number can dance.

Fre. I think, Ladies, as we have now brought a little heat into your Veins, a little Refreshment of Wine, Chocolate, Coffee, Tea, &c. may be wanting, in which your Assistance will be necessary, after which a new Set, that we may repay the Compliment.

Pam. My health, Ladies, shall be Success to your Inclinations, and let the Glass go round.

Anna. Pray, Sir, which do you like best, Chocolate, Coffee or Tea?

Pam. A Reverend Doctor in *Oxford* being ask'd this Question in a Coffee-house by a handsome Girl, reply'd Tea, and with a hollow Voice added *ipsam*. I like either, Madam, and wholly leave it to your Choice.

Anna. Then, Sir, I here present you Chocolate that, that may first go round.

Pam. I am so much taken with your Society, Gentlemen and Ladies, that I am thinking of bringing down a Company of young Merchants, in order to establish Merchandize amongst you, as you are not above four or five Miles from the *Severn*.

Fre. Could you bring this to bear, you should be our great *Apollo*; and I verily believe it practicable and easie to be done.

Anna. This noble Design of yours, Sir, gives us a grateful View, and by our Addresses you shall pass as a Sacrifice to *Venus*, who of late Years hath been very cool to us in her Affections; and we hope by that means she will be a Goddess more grateful to you than *Apollo*.

Pam. The effect of this Wine and Chocolate hath certainly given the Garland to the Ladies, and I am resolv'd to fall in with their Measures—— Gentlemen, I hope you will not be wanting in your vigorous Assistance—— I believe this second Scene of Dancing will exceed the first, and I hope you will each take a Partner and begin—— this Journey of mine shall pass for my Trip to the Jubilee—— and now I have one Request more to you, Ladies, to crown the whole—— a Song.

Maria. As you have, Sir, by your obliging Conversation led us into a belief so favourable on our sides, I am afraid you are now putting us upon losing the whole at once—— and why, Sir, (in great Submission) may not that Favour be desired of you.

Pam. I assure you, Ladies, was I capable of obliging you in that respect, I should think my self happy.

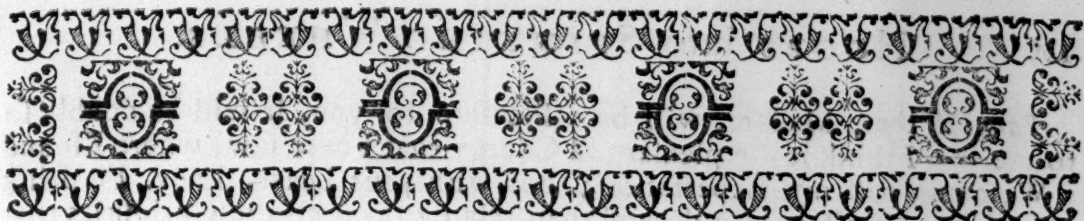
Maria SING S.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL *Bezaleel made,*
The Weaver's Loom, to encourage Trade;
The Women wise forthwith did spin,
Rich Vestments for the Ark did bring.
In Sacred Writ, Lo! this doth stand,
And Moses had the chief Command.
I'll Read, I'll Spin, Innocence I'll keep,
No Sighs nor Dreams shall bar my Sleep;
Less Wealth, more Rest I hereby feel,
No HOOP shall bring me from my Wheel:
No London Bawd shall me seduce,
Nor Guineas from her Hand I'll chuse:
From Virtue flows a rich Reward;
No flattering Tongue will I regard.

Exeunt omnes.




The End of the Third A C T.



ACT IV.

SCENE Glycerium's Apartment.

Enter Thrafo, Pamphalus and Glycerium.

Gly.  IS an Age, my dear *Pamphalus*, since I saw you last.

Pam. I hope, Madam, you believe that I have thought it longer since I saw you — I have been paying a Visit to the Clothiers of *Stroud-water* in *Gloucestershire*, which I have long since promis'd.

Gly. That, Sir, is my native Countrey; I descended from the Family of the *Whites* of *Randwick* near *Stroud*, and am not above owning that I once ran at the Spinning-Wheel, and thought that I made no mean Figure at a May-Fair at *Stroud*, where there appear'd a splendid shew of Spinsters; and two of my Brothers were brought up to *London* on account of the Sweetness of their Voices in Singing.

Thra. Then I perceive, Madam, that excellent Qualification is hereditary.

Gly. Here you compliment me, Sir; but if I thought it would not be too tedious to you, I would desire a short Account of your Friend *Pamphalus's* Journey, which will be a History of my own native Countrey.

Thra. Nothing, Madam, that is diverting and pleasing to you can be otherwise to me.

Gly. I desire, Sir, then, that you will be pleased to fill a Glass of Wine and drink to *Pamphalus*, hoping he will not deny my Request.

Pam. If

Pam. If that, Madam, will be a Pleasure to you, it will be doubly so to me — I think it the pleasantest County that I ever saw, where I found a Welcome past my Expectation; and with your Leave, Lady. I'll drink your Sister-Spinsters Healths, and then relate to you all the Curiosities that I can remember.

Gly. That, Sir, will be very obliging.

Pam. At my entrance into the County I first came to a little Town call'd *Letchlade*, from whence great quantities of that County Cheese are brought up to *London*, and is esteemed the best Cheese in *England*. I then came to another little Town call'd *Fairford*, where I went to see the Church wherein is the best painted Glass that (I believe) Eyes ever beheld. Then I pass'd to a more considerable Town call'd *Cirencester*, which in History is styl'd *Urbs Passarum*, from its being set on Fire by Sparrows. The next Town I came to was *Hampton*, where I view'd from the Hills the glorious shew of Cloth-Racks at *Chalford*, *Nailsworth* and *Woodchester*, and then proceeded to *Stroud*, the Land of *Canaan*, (as I thought) and put up at the *George Inn*, where I sent for some Clothiers of my Acquaintance; after which, the Bells of the Town began to ring. Here I was very civilly treated from one Clothier's House to another, for several Days together, till at last a Ball was appointed, and there I had a view of the Ladies who termed themselves Spinsters.

Gly. You have herein, Sir, rais'd my Expectation to a very high pitch, and I must desire you to repeat every Passage, and whether the Ladies of the adjacent Places appeared at this Assembly.

Pam. I believe, Madam, the greatest Appearance within some distance, and I will herein be as particular as I can — The Bells of the Town rang, and I with four Gentlemen and four Ladies went to the Ball, where was a very fine Consort of Musick. They began with a few French Dances, after which they went to dancing of Countrey Dances, in which I found exquisite Performance far beyond my Expectation, with which I was so well pleas'd, that I propos'd an Establishment of Merchandize, and residing there — We had Wine and Sweetmeats between the Dancing, which lasted most part of the Night — The Mirth being concluded, I returned to my Lodgings, and the next Day proceeded on my Journey to *Painswick*, a little Town pleasantly situated, and from thence to *Gloucester*, the Capital City of that County, which I beheld with great Admiration, it being encompass'd by Hills at a small distance from East to West — At my entrance I pass'd by a famous Hill call'd *Robin Hood's Hill* (the Wonder of the World) every Acre whereof at the top of the Hill is worth Twenty Shillings an Acre *per Annum*, having a fine Seat of the *Selwins* at the Foot, and fine Glades ascending the Hill — I found the City excellent

cellent in its Situation, its Center being at the Cross, where are the Figures of several of the Kings of *England*, and four Streets meeting in descent from thence, some new Houses of Brick very magnificent, but the City in many Places very shatter'd, and many Houses sunk. Here I spent some Days to inform myself of the Genius and Disposition of the People, and view'd the several Streets, wherein I found extraordinary Publick Inns for the Entertainment of Guests, with above fourscore Petty-Alehouses, as I was inform'd; and I believe there are not many less Retailers of Provisions, as Apples, Ginger-bread, Black-puddings, &c. which to me bespoke the Poverty of the City, between thirty and forty Attorneys, and a great Number of Apothecaries—— This City is govern'd by twelve Aldermen, out of which they yearly choose a Mayor, (the Mayor at this time has been Mayor once before) forty Common-Council-Men, a vast Revenue of Rents of near 1500 l. *per Annum*, and many Churches; which plainly shew it to have been a very considerable City in former times, but altogether as despicable at present, its Walls being demolish'd, and the Gates sold to the City of *Worcester* (as they told me) for their Disloyalty to King *Charles I.* an unnatural and ill concerted Revenge, as it was chiefly occasioned by the great declension of Trade in the manufacturing Fabricks of *Stroudwater*, which had been happily advanc'd by the Care of Queen *Elizabeth*; and in the Years 1635 and 1636 many thousands of Families were forc'd into *Holland* and the *Palatinate* for a Livelihood—— History tells us, That this City stands upon the River *Severn*, which flows to *Worcester*, and thence extends to *Shrewsbury*; it has a Custom-house, but not one Ship belonging to it; it hath plenty of good Coals at a moderate Price, admirable Bricks at six Shillings a thousand, and Timber for building very cheap, the only Fabrick of this City is Pins, and upon Enquiry into their Quality, I found them (like the Inhabitants) ill headed. I was well pleas'd at an Observation of a liquid Petty Canon's taking notice upon an Alehouse Sign, that Pins were sold there as well as Ale, and resolv'd not to go in there, alledging a necessity that the Ale must be prick'd—— I was likewise fill'd with Admiration at the sight of the Cathedral, with the Cloysters and Steeple of the Church, which I believe the whole World can't equal; which plainly shews, that this was one of the chiefest Cities in *England* in former Times, in which I am confirm'd by the Acts of Parliament in the Reign of King *Edward I.* whose unfortunate Son was here buried, as also the eldest Son of *William* the Conqueror.—— This Cathedral was very meanly served, there being but a very few People at the Service —— Here I turn'd my Thoughts, and began to reflect what a flourishing City this might be under an active Management, by the vast quantities of Calve-Skins, Sir *Thomas Powys's* Lead Mine the first landing at *Gloucester*, the *Stroudwater* Manu-

Manufacture of Cloth, the *Shrewsbury* Cottons, the *Worcester* Cloth, and *Kidderminster* Stuffs, that might be shipt here, and sent to *Turkey*, *Lisbon*, *Calais* and *Italy*, 5 per Cent. cheaper than in the present course of Trade; and finding an Attempt made towards it, by some Houses built adjoining to the City, I enquir'd after the Owner of those Houses, and was inform'd he was crazy — From hence I return'd to *Stroud*, and took my Journey thro' *Bradford* and *Trowbridge*, and saw the Clothing Trade there — and now, Madam, I believe your Patience is quite tir'd.

Gly. Indeed, Sir, you have given us a pleasant Entertainment, and shewn your extraordinary liking to the County, and I wish your design of Merchandize at *Gloucester* may succeed.

Pam. At my Return, Madam, after I had drank a Bottle and convers'd with my intimate Friend *Thrafo*, I sent my Man the next Day to you with a Ticket to go to the Play, and you sent it me back again by the Bearer, which hath given me some Uneasiness — Pray, Madam, upon what was that grounded?

Gly. From the many Favours you have received at my Hands, I think there was a just occasion — Pray, Sir, have you not brought with you out of the Country one of the Spinsters, a young Woman of the most exquisite and valuable Qualifications in Features, Shapes, Complexion, and the most admirable marks of Beauty? and can you think, being thus rival'd, that I can ever shew you any farther Favours? You must be a Stranger to the Temper of our Sex to believe that.

Pam. I can't deny but that a young Woman is come up to Town, and possibly I might take the Freedom with my Friend *Thrafo* (over a bottle of Wine) to give some extraordinary Character of her — I am sure I never open'd my Lips to any Person living but him, and how this should immediately come to your Ear, is a little surprizing, and severe upon me; and I think a breach of private Conversation.

Gly. Whatever you may think of it (allowing it to be as you say) it will always be esteemed as a particular Mark of Kindness to me from my Friend *Thrafo*.

Pam. And, my dear *Glycerium*, must I totally lose your Favour upon this Account?

Gly. From the many repeated Favours you have received at my Hands, my dear *Pamphalus*, you must think me otherwise than a Woman, if I don't highly resent this; and I assure you our intimate Friendship is at an end.

Pam. This Declaration of yours, Madam, hath made my Blood boil in my Veins, and the more intimate Acquaintance makes my Case the more desperate, and whatever Construction may be made of it by others, it

it is to me a betraying of private Conversation ——— And you, *Thraso*, have herein shewed your self a supplanting, villainous and treacherous Rascal, and I shall not be easie till I have Satisfaction.

Tbra. Do you think, *Pamphalus*, that these are Expressions to be taken by a Captain of the Army? You are an impudent Villain, and shall give me present Satisfaction. *[He immediately draws his Sword.]*

Pam. I am as ready to give as to take ——— and you are a deceitful Rogue. *[Here Pamphalus draws his Sword.]*

Gly. For God's sake, Gentlemen forbear. ——— *[Glycerium shrieks out.]*
[The first Pass is made by Pamphalus, which Thraso puts by, with receiving only a slight Wound in his Left Arm; and by the next Pass Pamphalus falls.]

Enter Servants, Constable and Guards, and seize on Thraso, Glycerium weeping and binding up his Wound.

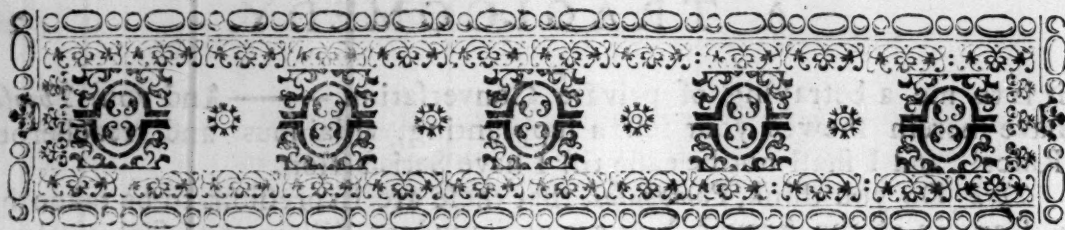
*By cruel Fate this young Man fell,
 Bewitch'd by Charms like Jezabel.*



The End of the Fourth A C T.

D

A C T



ACT V.

SCENE NEWGATE.

Enter Glycerium and Keeper.

Gly.



H Tool of Power! and must these be my Lodgings! it's Hell: I can't breathe here—I can't go in at this Door. O my Stars!

Keep. Your Commitment, Madam, is by the Lord Chief Justice's Warrant; and you can't be angry with me for performing my Office——You are now within strong Walls, and must submit to our Rules——These Doors were made when Hoops and Wh---s were not so much in Fashion, and in a little time it will be more familiar to you; and, Madam, as you have plenty of Gold, nothing will be wanting in reason, and you know there is no living in this World without these Confinements.

Enter Glycerium's Maid Betty.

Gly. I shall soon be carried out hence——O Horror! O Amazement! Here's no room, *Betty*, to put my Boxes and Trunks out of the way.

Bet. I am very much afflicted at the sight of it, Madam——I think that Corner to be the best place.

Keep. When your own Maid, Madam, hath placed your things in order, I'll send my Maid to give Attendance, and her Name is *Betty* too.

Gly. Very well, Sir, I shan't be under this Tyranny long——Prithee, *Betty*, give me a Glass of Brandy.

Exit Keeper.

Bet. You have not eat any thing to speak of this Day or two, Madam. I pray have something to eat, this Brandy will ruin your Health.

Gly. No—

Gly. Nothing more desirable—— my Life is a perfect Burthen to me; and nothing but Brandy can screen me Night or Day from the terrifying Thoughts of the Blood of *Pamphalus*—— before you go get me a Quart more of Brandy.

Bet. I believe, Madam, the House will afford that, and I'll call the Maid that is to attend you when I am gone.

Enter the Keeper's Maid Betty.

Bet. I am order'd by my Master, Madam, in a particular manner to give you Attendance, and I have here brought you a little Glafs *Bell*, that you may ring, and I will immediately attend —— Here is very good *Brandy* in the House, and any thing you order I will provide to the best of my Skill.

Gly. That's very kind, *Betty*; and I shall not be ungrateful to you —— I desire you to bring me a Quart bottle of brandy immediately —— Here, take a Guinea, and be accountable to me for the remainder.

Bet. I hope, Madam, you'll have something to eat —— I believe the *Brandy* is good in its kind, and I'll be sure to give you a true account of your Guinea.

Gly. I think, Maid *Betty*, you may go at present; but let me see you again to morrow with the things I order'd you. *Exeunt.*

Glycerium sola.

Gly. O cruel Fate! what a Labyrinth have I brought my self into—— and what a View have I now before me —— O Horror! O Confusion of Face!——a Scene of Whoredom ending in blood!——O cruel *Nedum*! that first seduc'd me from the Spinning-Wheel, and made me part with my Innocence——much more, O cruel Nature! that led me into these Addressses from Persons of a high Rank. The Sweetness of my Voice hath procur'd me four Sauce, whereby my Fall is now the greater, and my burthen (like *Cain's*) is more than I can bear, which will soon put a Period to my Life——*Prometheus's* Eagle claspt to his Liver, is but a feint resemblance of the Anguish of mind I feel——O Horror! O Amazement! *[Here she rings.*

Enter Betty.

Bet. I pray, Madam, what's your Command?

Gly. I desire another bottle of brandy.

Bet. I hope, Madam, you want something to eat too.

D 2

Gly. I

Gly. I will have nothing now; and I shall be willing to go to bed immediately, and to morrow morning I'll have some Chicken broth made.

Bet. Here's your brandy, Madam, and a clean Glas; and I'll be with you when you ring.

Gly. I desire you to be here in half an hour at farthest. [Exit Betty.]

Betty Re-enters.

Bet. Half an hour, Madam, is full gone.

Gly. Pray bring some Coals to warm my bed; and I'll see what Rest the Night will produce.

Bet. I hope, Madam, beyond your Expectation; and I'll wait on you early in the Morning, and make you some Chicken-broth—if you want any thing in the Night, if you'll be pleased to ring I'll be sure to come.

Gly. You are herein very obliging, *Betty*; I hope I shall have no occasion; and my own Maid will be here early in the Morning to help you when I rise. [Exit Betty.]

Betty Re enters.

Bet. I hope, Madam, you have had some rest to Night.

Gly. I believe I have not had one wink of Sleep to night, and my brandy is quite out; you must immediately get me some more, and then I'll get up.

Bet. I have brought you another Quart of brandy, and your Chicken-broth will soon be ready—You must needs sink if you take nothing but brandy, Madam.

Gly. That's my desire, *Betty*; and the sooner the better—when the broth's ready I will take a little if I can. [Exit Betty.]

Betty Re-enters with the Broth.

Bet. I have brought your broth, Madam, and hope it will please you.

Gly. Let me have a little in a Porringer, and then I'll get up—I thought my Maid *Betty* would have been here before this.

Bet. Your Maid, Madam, is at the Door.

Gly. *Betty*, Come in—[*she comes in*]—Indeed, *Betty*, I can swallow very little, but I hope I shall be better when I am up—Have you brought my things?

Bet. Yes, Madam; but I am sorry you have had no Rest, and can take no more of your broth.

Gly. Things

Gly. Things must take their own course—I am here in a Dungeon, and shall soon be carried hence; I'll therefore settle my Affairs, and write my Will while I am able, and you Two shall be Witnesses to it ——— Did you but know the Anguish of my Mind, you would pity me; but Death will soon put an end to all.

Bet. That, Madam, will be the Consequence, if you drink nothing but brandy.

Gly. Nothing but that, *Betty*, can screen me from the sight of *Pamphalus's* blood——and now let me have a Pen and Ink, and do you two withdraw for an Hour, and leave me to my self.—I think this is the 16th Day of the Month.

[*Exeunt.*]

NEW GATE, February 16, 1724.

I *Sarah White* alias *Glycerium*, late of *Covent Garden*, being of perfect and disposing Mind and Memory, do make and constitute this my last Will and Testament.

Imprimis. I give and bequeath unto my two Maids Twenty Pounds each, and all my Wearing Apparel, to be equally divided between them.

Item. I give to *Betty Craddock*, the Keeper's Maid, who attended me in my Illness, Five Pounds.

Item. I give unto my boy *Tom* Twenty Pounds.

Item. I give to the Parish-Clerk of *Covent-Garden* Church Five Pounds.

Item. I give to the Overseers and Churchwardens of the Parish of *Randwick*, in the County of *Gloucester* (my native Place) One hundred pounds, to purchase Free Land in the said Parish: And my Will and Desire is, that the Poor of the Parish shall have the benefit of it for ever, to be disposed of as the Minister and chief Inhabitants shall think fit.

Item. I give and bequeath unto my Kinsman *Edward White* of the Parish aforesaid, Broad Weaver, the Remainder of my Estate, and do make him my Sole Executor of this my last Will and Testament. Witness my Hand and Seal.

Elizabeth Howell
Elizabeth Craddock } Witnesses.

SARAH WHITE.

[Here the two Maids Re-enter and sign the Will.]

Gly. I

Gly. I have now only to desire you, *Betty*, [*speaking to her own Maid*] to go to some of the best Shops, and bring me a Sute of decent Burying-Apparel, with a Bill of the Price, and then your business will soon be over——I find myself scarce able to hold a Pen.

Bet. It's a great Affliction to me, Madam——I'll pursue your Orders, and return as soon as possible. [*Exit Betty.*]

Gly. You must bring me some more Brandy, I can't swallow this broth.

Bet. Pray, Madam, shall I get any thing else for you——this brandy must needs end your Days.

Gly. I neither can nor will take any thing else ——and I believe the next Night will be my last.

Enter Glycerium's Maid Betty.

Bet. I have brought your burying Sute, Madam, and the bill is Three Pounds Three Shillings.

Gly. Pray take the Key of my Trunk and pay three Guineas, and stay with me till my Life expires, which I dare say will be in less than twelve Hours——I begin to faint already, and have no respite but by brandy.

Bet. Shall I get a Physician, Madam, I am surprizingly troubled.

Gly. I will put nothing into my Mouth but brandy, which will soonest extinguish the Horror and Amazement now before me —— O that I could see my dear Friend *Thraso*——but not one Word of that——my Spirits fail me—but that's impossible, he being under Confinement——a little time, and I expire.

Bet. I will not leave you, Madam——but still press for some other Cordial than brandy.

Gly. 'Tis all in vain, *Betty*, my dear *Thraso* is now uppermost with me, whom I shall never see more.

*Did you the Anguish I now feel,
You'd ne'er forsake the Spinning-Wheel.*

[*Here she expires.*
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The End of the Fifth ACT.



The E P I L O G U E.

I Need no Hint where to begin,
The Charms of Beauty I will sing.
In sacred Writ fair Bathsheba,
From thence I'll come to Hellena :
What Bands of Men did she destroy,
In the long Siege of Greece and Troy.
A long Story I here could tell
How brave Hector by Achilles fell.
King Vortiger of first Renown,
Rowena's Beauty did dethrone.
Descend I next to Rosamond,
Was not a King of her as fond.
Nor must I miss the fam'd Jane Shore,
What Story tells---I'll speak no more.
From thence I'll come to Woodstock Bower,
That led a King to crop a Flower.
And how happy might we ha' been,
Had England ne'er a Portsmouth seen ?
My Epilogue in a short Sum,
Voice and Beauty Glycerium.

Claudite jam rivos, Judices! fat prata biberunt.

F I N I S.

THE EPILOGUE

THE EPILOGUE



ADDENDA to the *Dramatis Personæ*.

Glycerium, *Mistress* to Pamphalus.



